melancholy if you will fauour the man. But by my head 'tis pride: but why, why, let him shew vs a cause?

Nest. What mooues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vliss. *Achillis* hath inuegled his foole from him,

Nest. Who *Thersites*? *Vlis.* He.

Nest. The wil Aiax lack matter, if he haue lost his argumēt.

Vli. No you see he is his argument, that has his argument *Achilles*.

Nes. All the better, their fractiō is more our wish then their faction, but it was a strōg composure a foole could disunite:

Vli. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily vnty,
Heere comes *Patroclus*. *Nest.* No *Achilles* with him.

Vlis. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for courtesie,
His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry,
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure
Did mooue your greatnesse, and this noble state,
To call vpon him. He hopes it is no other
But for your health, and your disgestion sake,
An after dinners breath.

Agam. Heere you *Patroclus*:
We are too well acquainted with these answers,
But his euasion winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot out-flie our apprehensions,
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him, Yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously on his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes begin to lose their glosse,
Yea like faire fruite in an vnhollsome dish,
Are like to rott vntasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speake with him, and you shall not sinne,
If you do say, we thinke him ouer-proud
And vnder-honest, in selfe assumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement. And worthier then himselfe
Heere tend the sauage strangenesse he puts on,
Disguise, the holy strength of their command,
And vnder-write in an obseruing kinde,
His humorous predominance: yea watch

His course, and time, his ebbs and flowes, and if
The passage, and whole streame of his commencement,
Rode on his tide. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he ouer-hold his price so much,
Weele none of him. But let him like an engine,
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot go to warre,
A stirring dwarfe we doe allowance giue,
Before a sleeping gyant. Tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Agam. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him: *Vlisses* entertaine.

Aiax. What is he more then another.

Agam. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aiax. Is he so much: doe you not thinke he thinkes himselfe a better man then I am?

Agam. No question.

Aiax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is.

Agam. No noble *Aiax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Aia. Why should a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your minde is the cleerer, and your vertues the fairer, hee that is proud eates vp him-selfe: Pride is his owne glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne chronicle, and what euer praises it selfe but in the deed, deuoures the deed in the praise.

Enter Vlisses.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I do hate the ingendring of Toades.

Nest. And yet he loues himselfe, ist not strange?

Vlis. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Vlis. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without obseruance, or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.